

Khaled Hosseini

THE KITE RUNNER

Graphic Novel

Illustrated by Fabio Celoni and Mirka Andolfo

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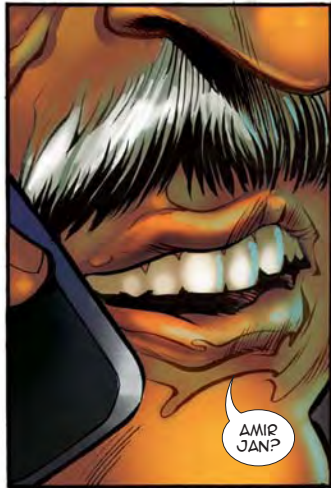
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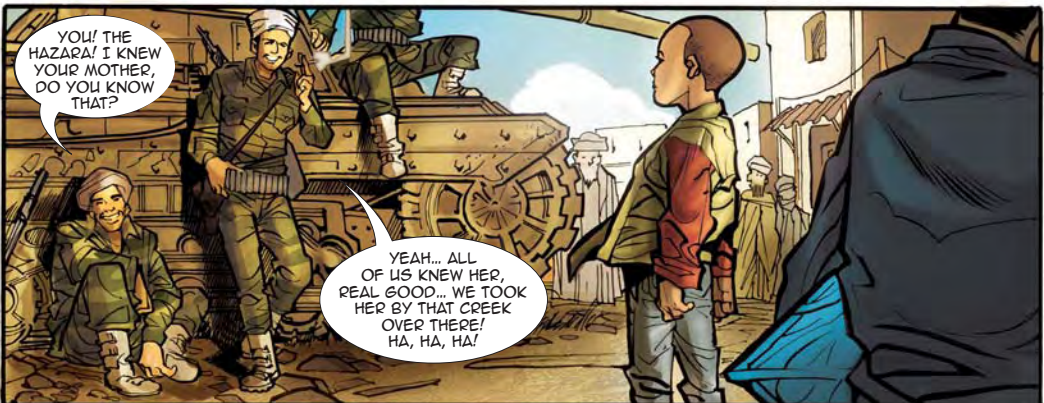
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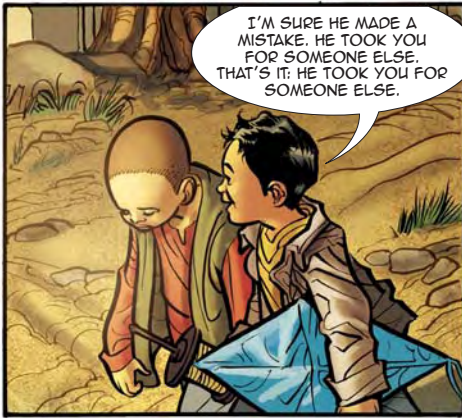


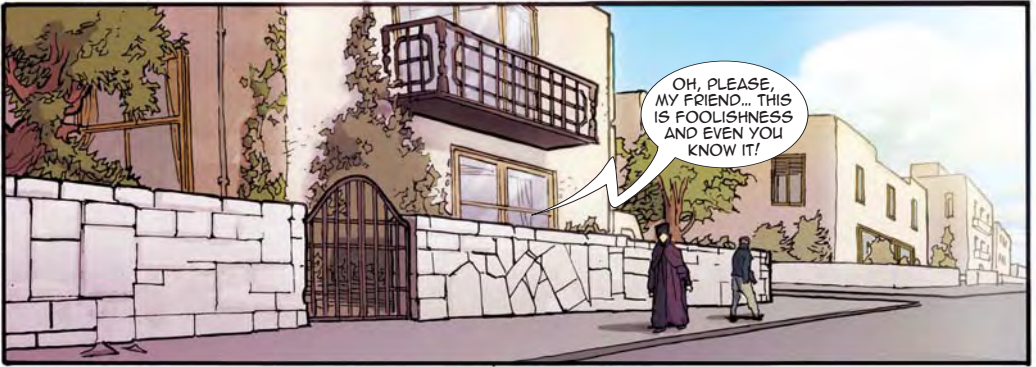


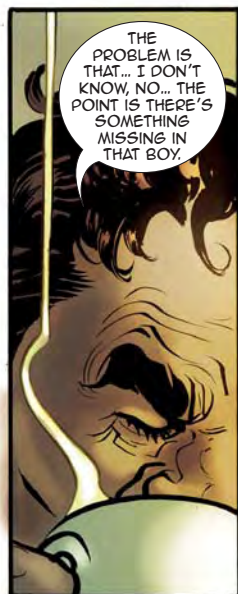
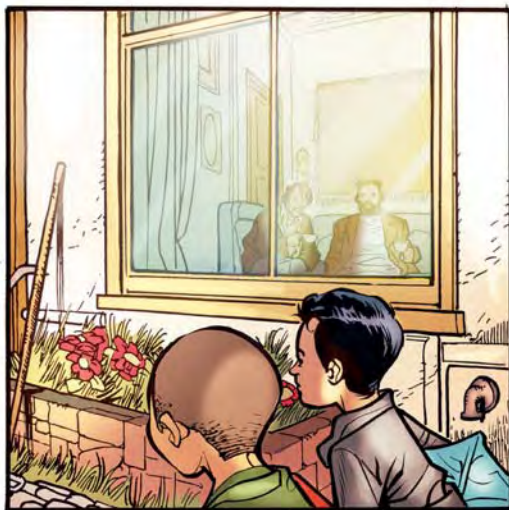
MY WIFE, SORAYA, CONTINUED SPEAKING, BUT BY THEN I WAS NO LONGER LISTENING. THE LAST THING RAHIM KHAN HAD SAID WAS ECHOING IN MY HEAD: THERE IS A WAY TO BE GOOD AGAIN.

















HE HATES ME BECAUSE MY MOTHER DIED GIVING BIRTH TO ME.



OH NO, AMIR JAN, DON'T SAY THAT. PLEASE DON'T SAY THAT AGAIN.



YOU SEE... BIRTH IS ALWAYS A GIFT, BUT SOMETIMES IT CAN ALSO BE A RISK. BOTH FOR MOTHER AND CHILD, AND YOU MUST BE THANKFUL YOU'RE ALIVE... THAT'S WHAT YOUR FATHER DOES. EVERY DAY HE IS THANKFUL YOU'RE HERE WITH HIM.



YOU UNDERSTAND, AMIR?

YES, KAKA RAHIM.



I KNOW. YOU'RE A SMART BOY, AMIR. BUT NOW I HAVE TO GO... I'M LEAVING FOR PAKISTAN, YOU KNOW? BUT WHEN I COME BACK, I PROMISE I'LL BRING YOU A GIFT!



REALLY. MAYBE I'LL BRING YOU A FINE NOTEBOOK TO WRITE SOME OF YOUR WONDERFUL STORIES IN. IN FACT, WHEN I GET BACK, YOU HAVE TO LET ME READ ONE!

O-O
OKAY...



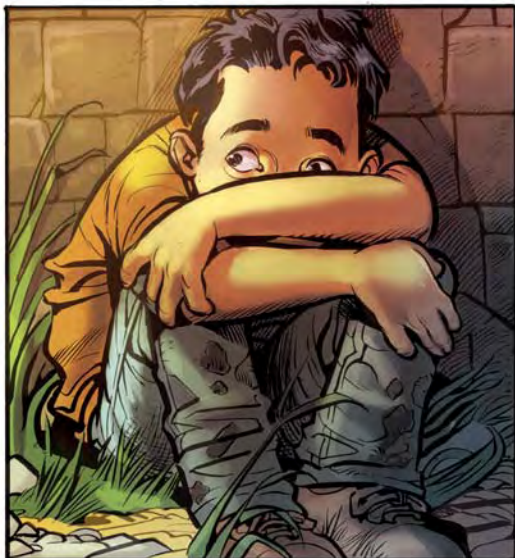
A FATHER. A SON. I OFTEN CONVINCED MYSELF I HAD NO ENVY OF HASSAN. NO ENVY. NOT EVEN A LITTLE.

SOMETIMES, IN THINKING BACK ON THE PAST IT SEEMS I'VE SPENT THE LAST TWENTY-SIX YEARS BEHIND A WALL. ONE OF THOSE TUMBLEDOWN MUD WALLS OF WHICH THERE ARE A THOUSAND IN KABUL.



IT WAS BEHIND JUST ONE OF THESE THAT I BECAME THE PERSON I AM TODAY.

IT'S USELESS TO HIDE, AMIR! I FOUND YOU!



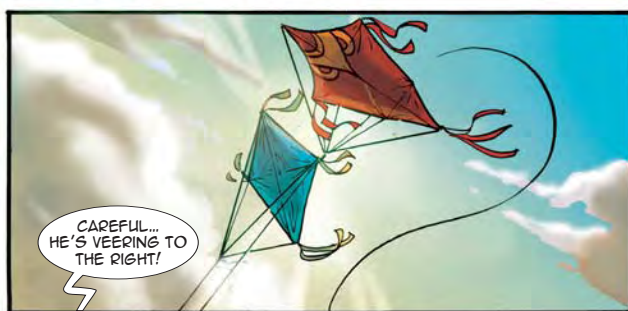
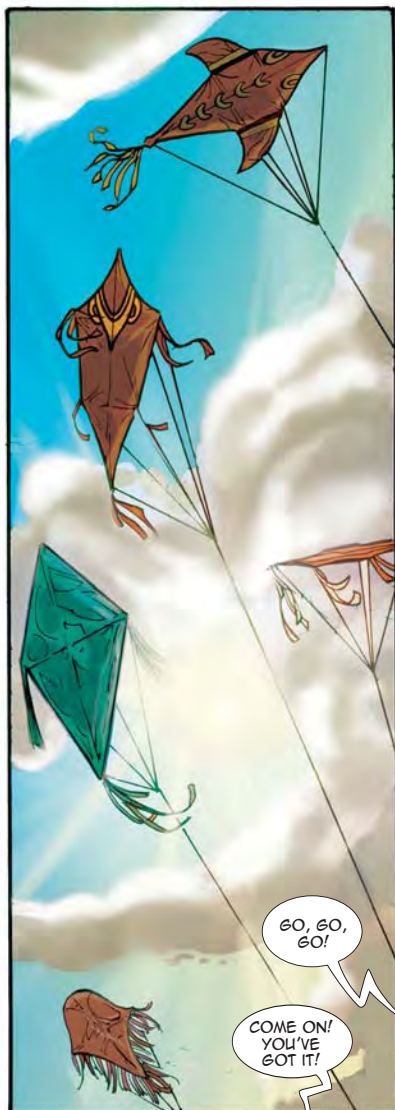
... AND THAT MEANS NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

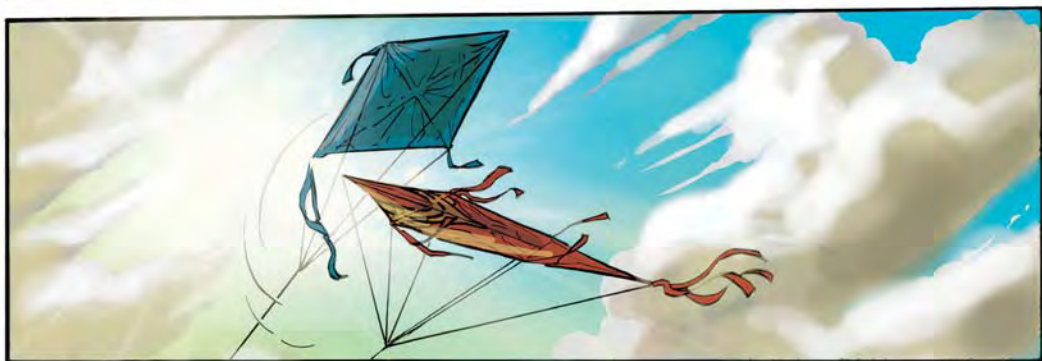
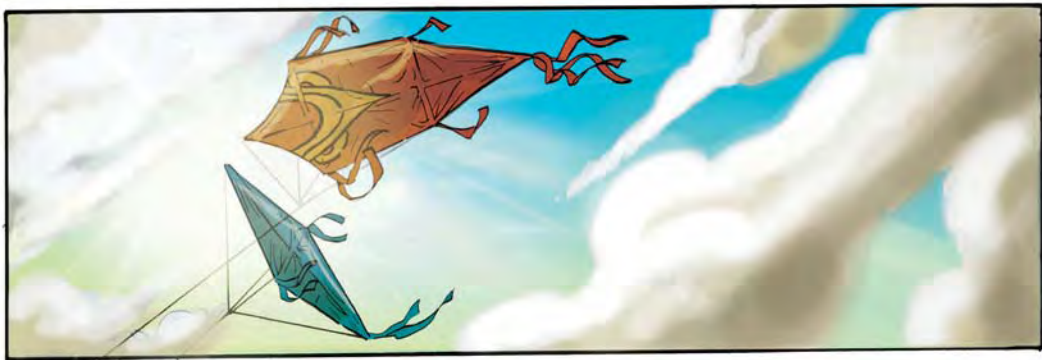
MAN! HOW COME I CAN NEVER FIND A GOOD HIDING PLACE?!



YOU SEE, AMIR AGHA, IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF...
AMIR! COME... THE WIND IS PERFECT, AND THEY'VE STARTED A NEIGHBORHOOD KITE TOURNAMENT!









YOU CUT IT!
YOU DID IT!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, HASSAN? YOU WANT THE OTHERS TO GET IT?!



NO, AMIR AGHA, COME... OVER THIS WAY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T YOU SEE THEY ALL WENT THAT WAY?!



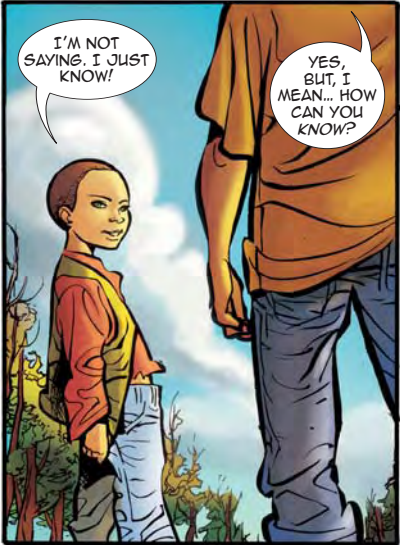
HASSAN! DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I TOLD YOU?!



TRUST ME, AMIR... FOLLOW ME!



WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? BY THIS POINT SOMEONE ELSE MUST ALREADY HAVE GOTTEN THE KITE!





AMIR...
STILL AWAKE.
WHAT... WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

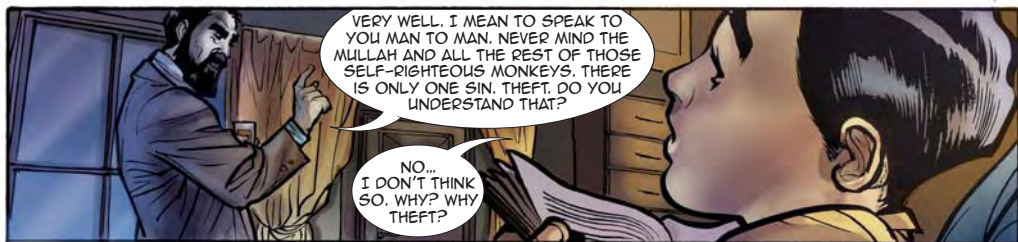


AT SCHOOL THEY TAUGHT US
THAT DRINKING ALCOHOL IS A SIN,
FATHER. IF... IF THAT'S TRUE, IT
MEANS THAT YOU ARE A SINNER
AND THAT... THAT...



WHAT? THAT ON
JUDGMENT DAY
I'M GOING TO BE
PUNISHED? LISTEN,
AMIR, DO YOU
WANT TO KNOW
WHAT YOUR FATHER
THINKS ABOUT SIN?
YOU WANT
TO KNOW?

YES,
BABA
JAN.

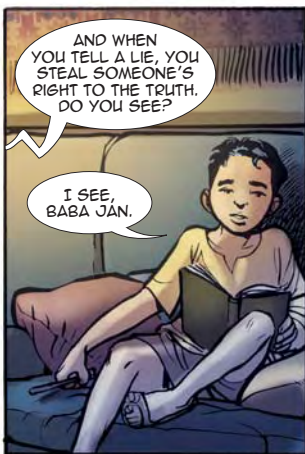


VERY WELL. I MEAN TO SPEAK TO
YOU MAN TO MAN. NEVER MIND THE
MULLAH AND ALL THE REST OF THOSE
SELF-RIGHTEOUS MONKEYS. THERE
IS ONLY ONE SIN. THEFT. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT?

NO...
I DON'T THINK
SO. WHY? WHY
THEFT?



YOU SEE, WHEN YOU
KILL A MAN, YOU STEAL
A LIFE. YOU STEAL HIS WIFE'S
RIGHT TO A HUSBAND, ROB HIS
CHILDREN OF A FATHER.
SO EVERY SIN COMES
BACK TO THEFT.



AND WHEN
YOU TELL A LIE, YOU
STEAL SOMEONE'S
RIGHT TO THE TRUTH.
DO YOU SEE?

I SEE,
BABA JAN.



BRAVO,
AMIR.
YOU'RE A
GOOD
SON.



THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY, BUT ONE NIGHT, THE AFGHANISTAN WE KNEW SUDDENLY CHANGED FOREVER.



BABA JAN!
BABAAAA!
WHERE ARE YOU?!



HASSAN! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?! WHERE
IS BABA?!



BOYS... COME BACK INSIDE.
NOTHING IS HAPPENING...
THEY'RE... THEY'RE SHOOTING
DUCKS.



BABA JAN!
I'M AFRAID!
WHERE WERE
YOU?!

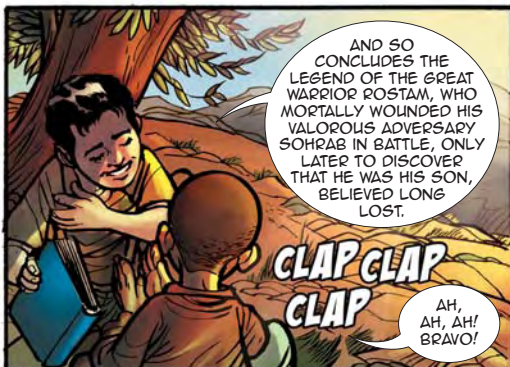
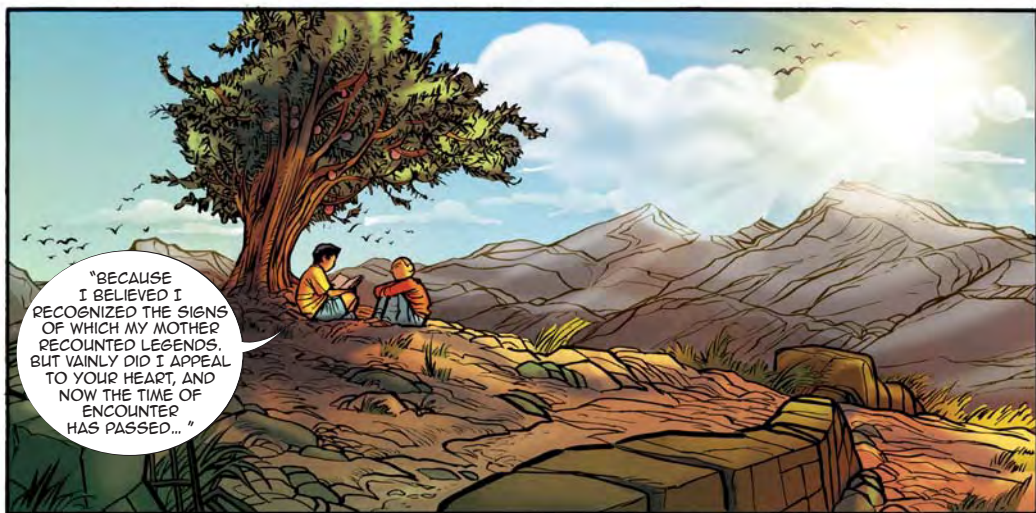
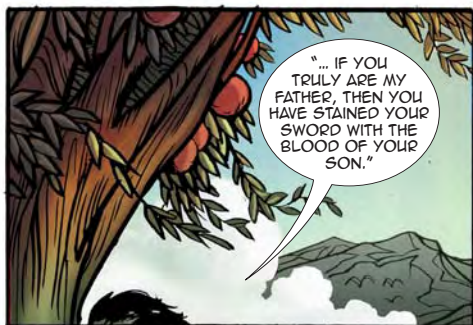
AMIR, CALM
DOWN, IT'S NOTHING! I
WAS WORKING LATE AND THE
STREETS WERE BLOCKED. EV-
ERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW.
EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT.

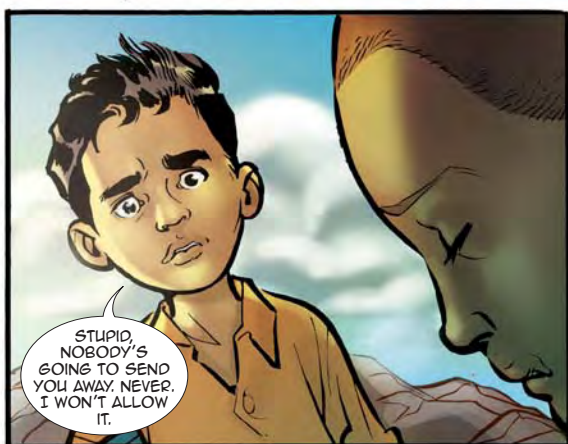
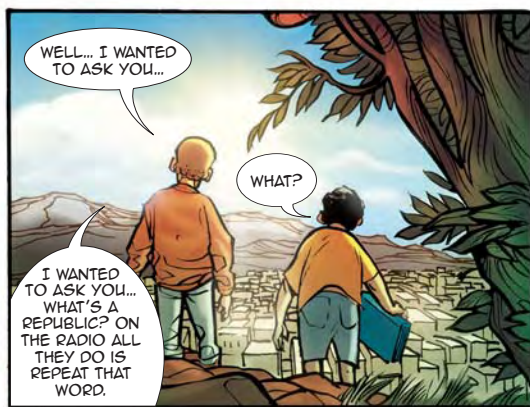


LATER I DISCOVERED THAT
THEY WEREN'T SHOOTING
DUCKS AFTER ALL. KABUL
AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING
TO FIND THAT THE MONARCHY
WAS A THING OF THE PAST.
DAOUD KHAN, IN THE
ABSENCE OF HIS COUSIN,
THE KING, ZAHIR SHAH, HAD
TAKEN AFGHANISTAN IN A
BLOODLESS COUP.



WHATEVER IT WAS
THAT HAPPENED,
ALL I REMEMBER
WAS SUDDENLY
FEELING HAPPY.







... THE OLD MAN
WAS RIGHT. THE
VILLAGERS HAVE WON.
NOT US. WE ALWAYS
LOSE.



IF I'M NOT
WRONG, THIS MUST BE
THE TWELFTH TIME WE'VE
SEEN THIS, RIGHT?

MMMM...
NOT SURE. MAYBE
THIRTEENTH.



HA, HA,
HA, HA!

HA, HA,
HA, HA!



CATCH
ME NOW,
GRINGO, IF YOU
CAN! BANG!
BANG!







... JUST AS I
THOUGHT. SO
HASSAN IS AMIR'S
LITTLE SLAVE.

WE AREN'T
BOTHERING YOU
AT ALL. WHY DON'T
YOU LEAVE US IN
PEACE?



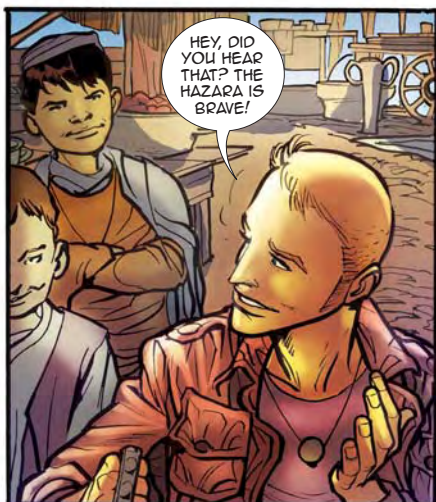
OH YES,
YOU DO BOTHER ME.
YOU MAKE MY
STOMACH TURN. IF
IDIOTS LIKE YOU AND
YOUR FATHER DIDN'T
TAKE THESE PEOPLE IN,
WE'D BE RID OF THEM
BY NOW.

AFGHANISTAN
IS THE LAND OF
PASHTUNS. IT ALWAYS
HAS BEEN, ALWAYS
WILL BE. WE ARE THE TRUE
AFGHANS, NOT THIS
FLAT-NOSE
HERE.



THE HAZARAS POLLUTE
OUR HOMELAND. THEY DIRTY
OUR BLOOD. AND TODAY
YOUR BLOOD WILL
DIRTY THE DUST.

PLEASE.
ASSEF
AGHA.

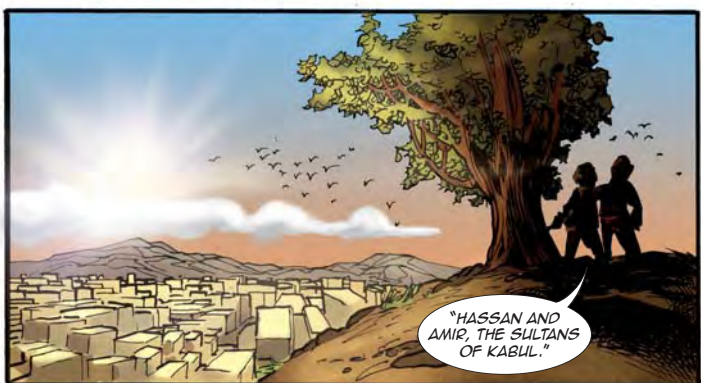


HEY, DID
YOU HEAR
THAT? THE
HAZARA IS
BRAVE!

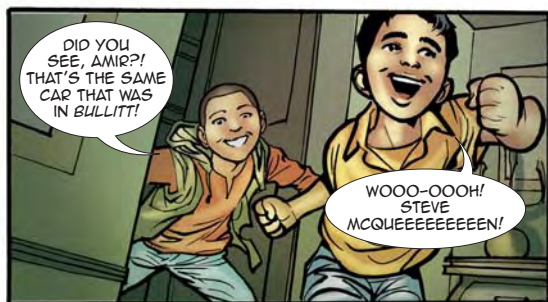


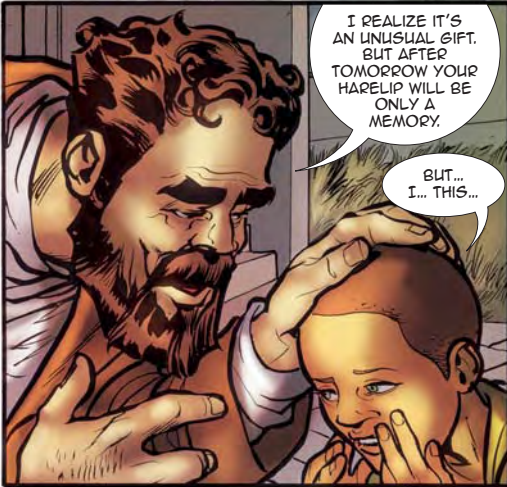
LEAVE US
ALONE!

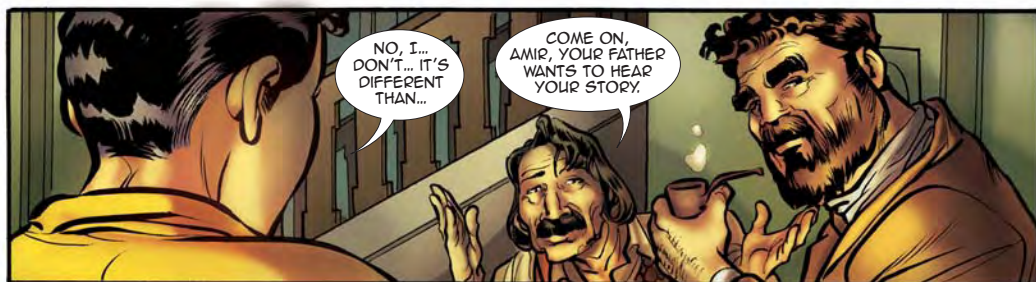
PUT THAT
SLINGSHOT DOWN,
HAZARA! WHAT DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING?













WHAT IS IT, HASSAN?



SO... THE MAN KILLED HIS WIFE SO HE WOULD BE SAD AND CRY A LOT AND BECOME RICH, RIGHT? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED?



WELL... YES. THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE A BRIGHT BOY.



HASSAN, WAIT! WHAT IS IT...?



NO, NOTHING...

HASSAN, I ASKED YOU, WHAT IS IT?!



I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHY DID THE MAN KILL HIS WIFE? IN FACT, WHY DID HE EVER HAVE TO FEEL SAD TO SHED TEARS? COULDN'T HE HAVE JUST SMELLED AN ONION?

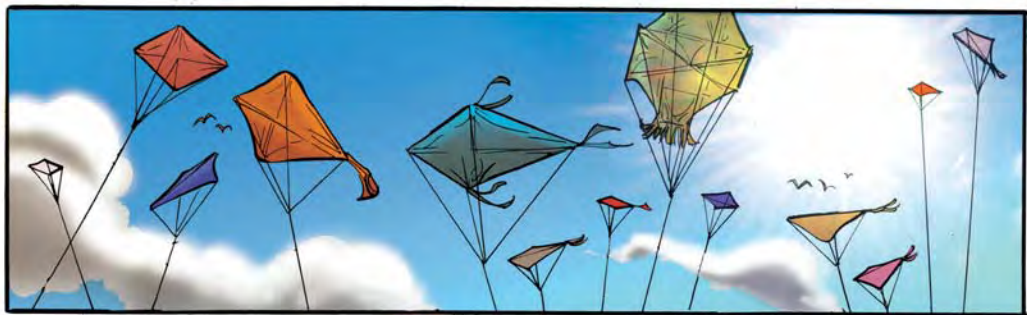


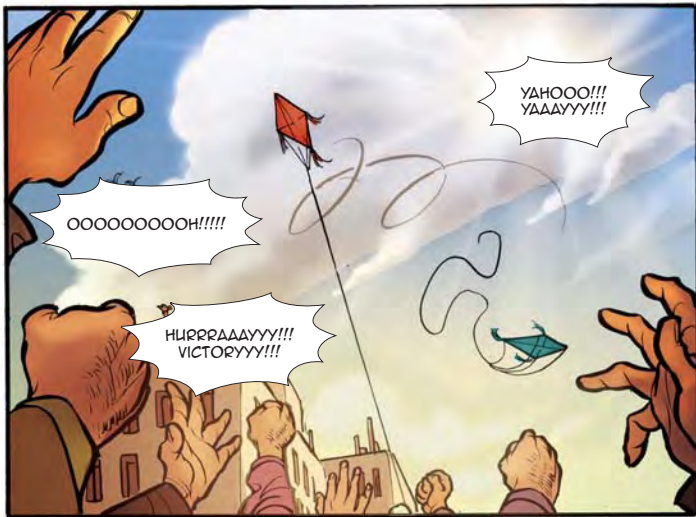
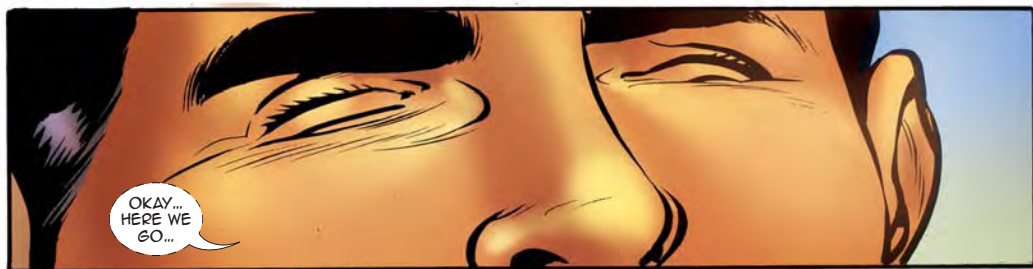
WELL, HASSAN IS PRETTY CLEVER, THAT ONE!

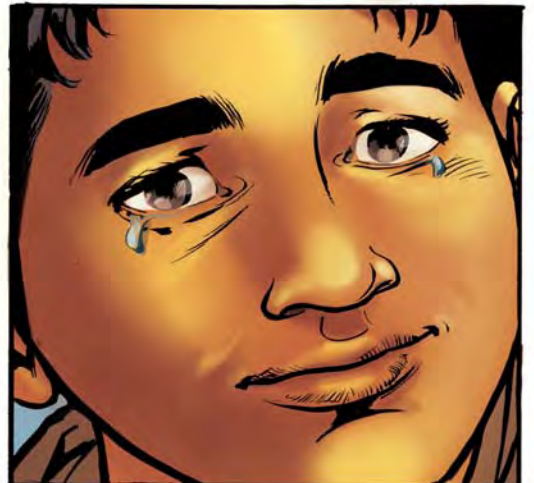
YES, HE IS, ISN'T HE...



















READY,
HAZARA?



I RAN AWAY. I RAN BECAUSE
I WAS A COWARD.



I TOLD MYSELF I WAS
AFRAID OF ASSEF AND
THE HARM HE WOULD
HAVE DONE ME.



BUT THE REAL REASON I
WAS RUNNING WAS THAT
ASSEF WAS RIGHT: NOTHING
WAS FREE IN THIS WORLD.



MAYBE HASSAN WAS
THE PRICE I HAD TO
PAY TO WIN BABA.



WAS IT A FAIR PRICE? THE
ANSWER FLOATED TO MY
CONSCIOUS MIND BEFORE
I COULD THWART IT.



AFTER ALL, HE WAS JUST
A HAZARA, WASN'T HE?

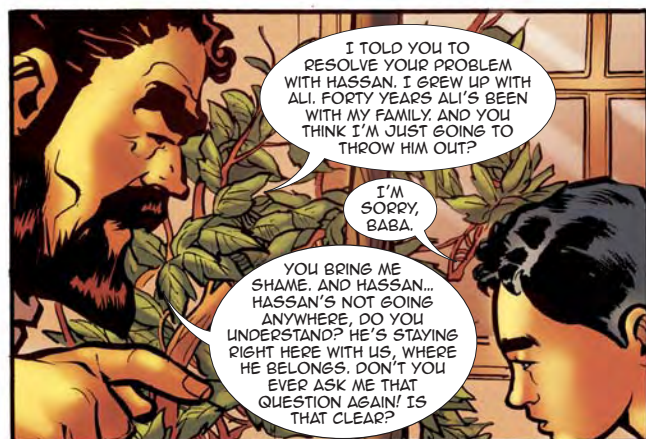




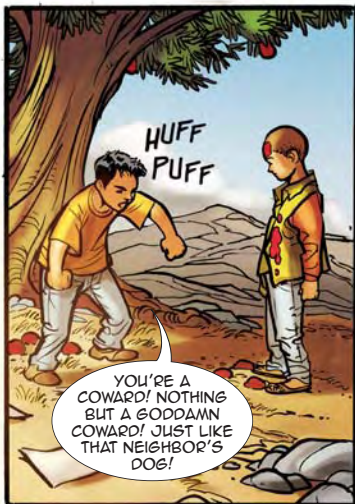
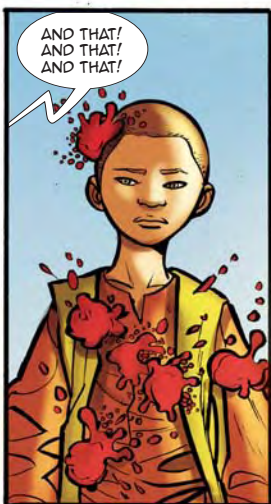












SUMMER 1976.





COME ON...
AND THIS TIME,
TRY NOT TO MAKE
ME LOOK BAD.



TANYA!
MAHMUD! WHAT A
PLEASURE TO SEE
YOU HERE! WHAT
A PLEASURE!

MY DEAR
FRIEND! THE
PLEASURE IS
OURS!



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY,
AMIR!

A-ASSEF...

ASSEF! SO,
HOW ARE YOU?
STILL PLAYING
SOCCER?



RIGHT
WING, AS I
RECALL?

ACTUALLY I
SWITCHED TO CENTER
FORWARD THIS YEAR.
YOU GET TO SCORE
MORE THAT WAY.



YOU KNOW WHEN I WAS
YOUNG I WAS A GREAT
CENTER FORWARD?

OH,
I'M SURE
YOU STILL ARE,
KAKA JAN!



I SEE
YOU'VE LEARNED
YOUR FATHER'S
CAPTIVATING WAYS!
HA, HA, HA!

HA, HA,
HA!





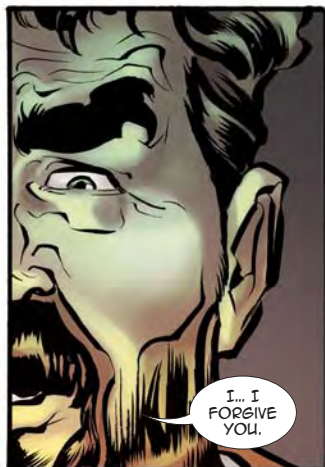


















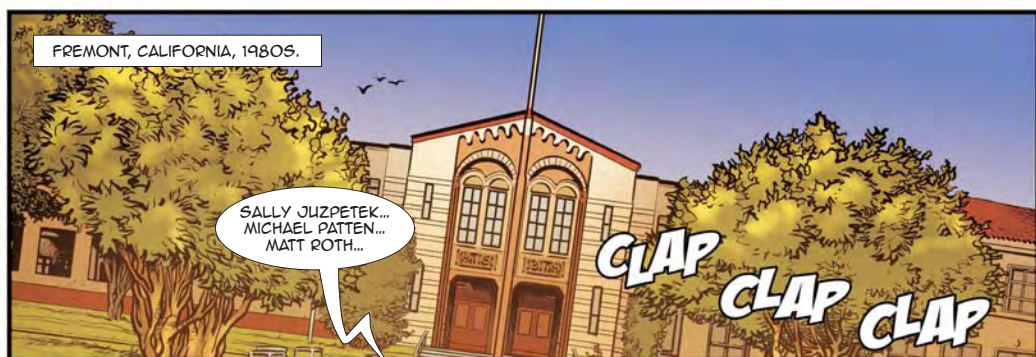






SOMETHING HAPPY, BABA HAD SAID. THAT NIGHT I
THOUGHT ABOUT RUNNING A KITE, ABOUT HANDS BEING
CUT BY THE GLASS-ED STRING. ABOUT STANDING ANKLE-
DEEP IN UNTAMED GRASS. ABOUT BLACK TEA. ABOUT
CHARLTON HESTON. ABOUT AN OLD, FAMILIAR MELODY.
THAT NIGHT I THOUGHT ABOUT HASSAN.







THAT NIGHT HE TOOK ME OUT TO CELEBRATE.



HEY,
TWO WHISKEYS,
PLEASE!

NO, NOT FOR
ME... I'LL HAVE A
BEER, THANKS.



TONIGHT
I AM TOO MUCH
HAPPY! MY SON
GRADUATED TODAY!
MEN, HAVE A
WHISKEY WITH
US?



A ROUND
OF BEER FOR THE
POOL TABLE, TOO! AND
YOU - YES, I'M TALKING
TO YOU - HERE, PLAY
YOUR FAVORITE
SONGS ON THAT
JUKEBOX!



TONIGHT I
TOAST WITH ALL OF
YOU TO MY SON, WHO
WILL GO TO UNIVERSITY
AND SOON BE A GREAT
DOCTOR!

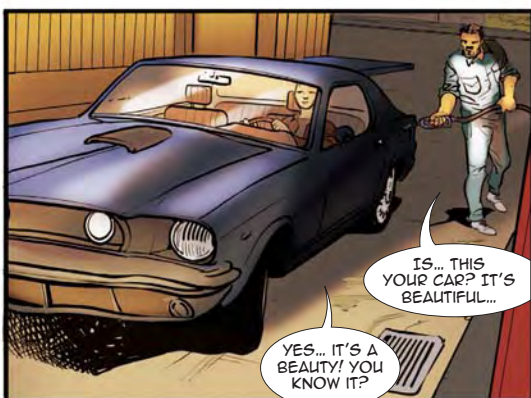
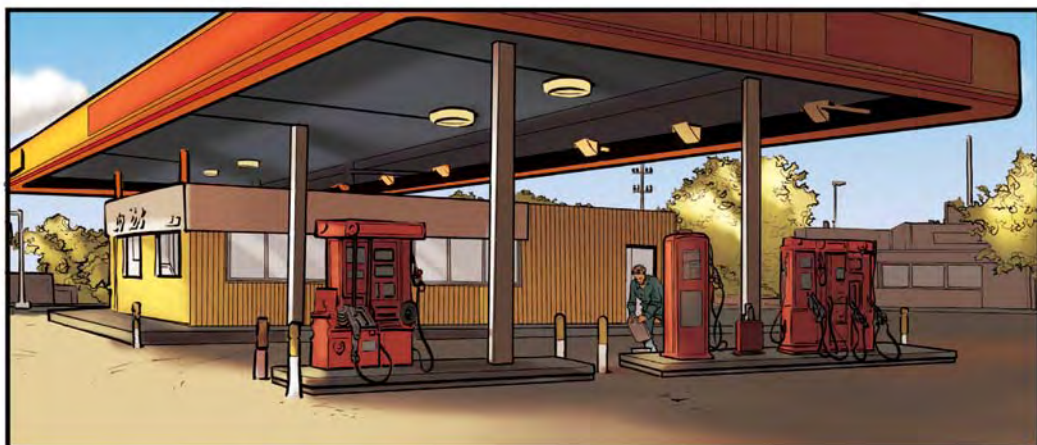
HEY,
CONGRATULATIONS!

GREAT,
BRAVO!



WELL,
THEN... DOWN
WITH THE
RUSSIA!



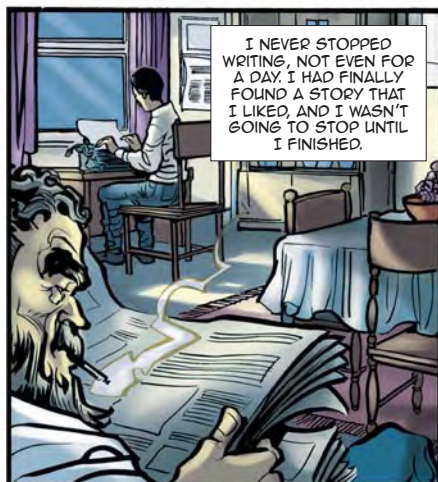








I FINISHED THE FIRST YEAR OF UNIVERSITY WITH TOP GRADES IN NEARLY ALL SUBJECTS.



I NEVER STOPPED WRITING, NOT EVEN FOR A DAY. I HAD FINALLY FOUND A STORY THAT I LIKED, AND I WASN'T GOING TO STOP UNTIL I FINISHED.



EVERY WEEK I WAITED FOR SUNDAY TO ARRIVE. IT WAS THE ONLY DAY I WAS ABLE TO SEE HER. THE SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL SORAYA.



HEY, BABA, WOULD YOU LIKE A COKE?

YES, THANKS... BUT BE CAREFUL, AMIR.



OF WHAT, BABA?

... OF GENERAL TAHERI. HE IS A PASHTUN TO THE ROOT. HONOR AND PRIDE.

I TOLD YOU... I'M ONLY GOING TO GET US DRINKS.



JUST DON'T EMBARRASS ME, THAT'S ALL I ASK. PLEASE!

I WON'T. GOD, BABA.



COUGH COUGH COUGH

DAMNED COUGH!



... EHM.
HELLO.

OH... I
DIDN'T SEE YOU.
HELLO!



EHM, WELL...
I WAS WONDERING...
IS GENERAL SAHIB
HERE TODAY?

YES,
LOOK, HE
MUST HAVE
GONE THAT
WAY!



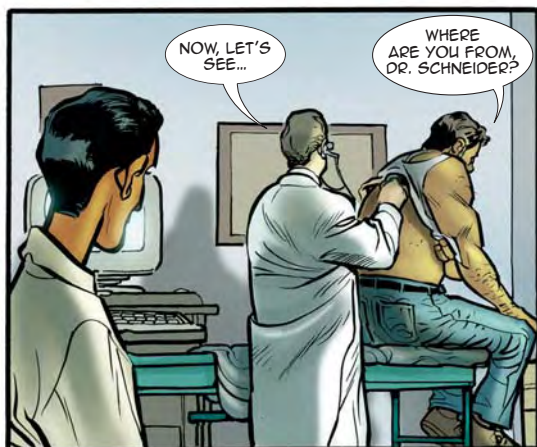
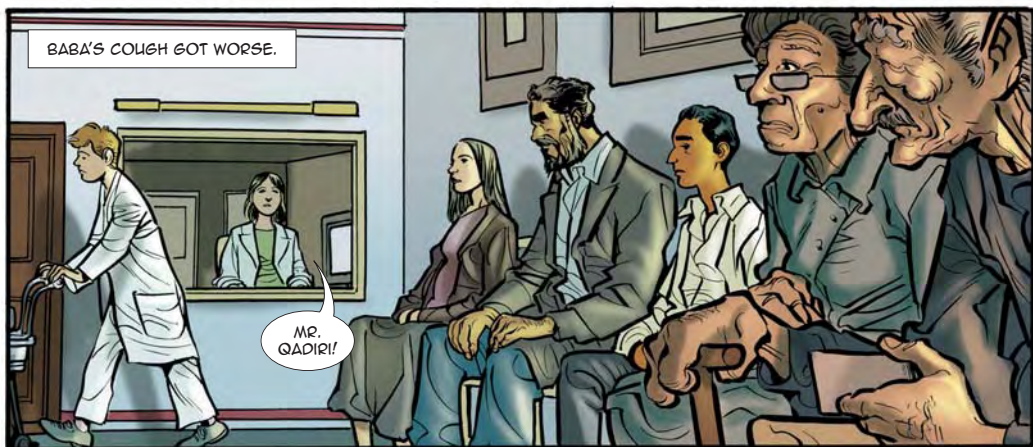
AH, WELL...

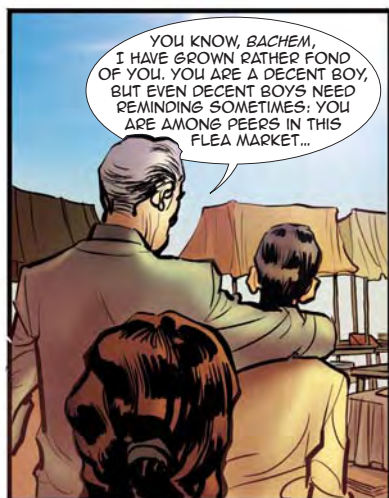


FINE, WELL...
WILL YOU TELL HIM
I STOPPED BY
TO PAY MY
RESPECTS?

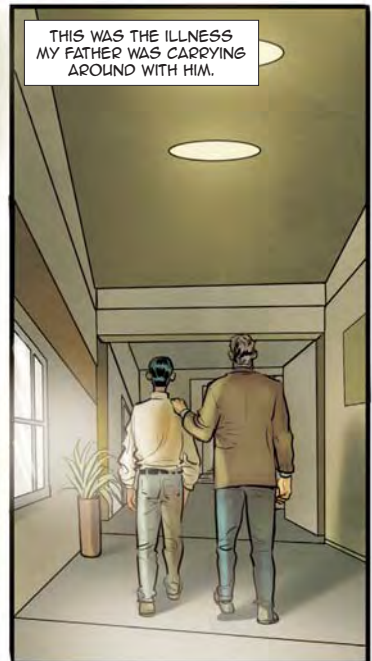
SURE,
I WILL.













AFTER SOME TIME THERE WAS NO MORE THAT COULD BE DONE. BABA WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN THE HOSPITAL IF HE WANTED TO LIVE LONGER.



... BUT I KNEW IT WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE TO KEEP HIM THERE. PASHTUN HONOR AND PRIDE.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

BUT, BABA... YOU HEARD WHAT THE DOCTORS SAID!



LET THEM SAY WHAT THEY WANT, THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE. TOMORROW WE'RE GOING BACK HOME.

OH, BABA...



MAY WE... ? SALAAM ALAYKUM, MY FRIEND... SO, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

SALAAM, GENERAL TAHERI... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.



NO BOTHER. WE'RE HERE FOR YOU, IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL... THINK OF ME AS A BROTHER!

MY HEART... FILLS WITH JOY... TO SEE YOU...



AMIR, HOW ARE YOU?

I'M... I... I THINK I NEED TO STEP OUT. EXCUSE ME.





WELL?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

IT'S VERY
NICE, BUT WHERE'S
THE REST OF IT? I
WANT TO READ THE
ENDING...



THE END?
THERE... THERE IS
NO OTHER END.
FOR ME, THAT IS
HOW IT ENDS.



WELL, THEN
MAYBE I'M THE
PROBLEM... FINE,
YES...



WHAT IS IT,
AMIR? DO YOU
WANT TO TELL ME
SOMETHING?



YES, THERE
IS SOMETHING I WANT
TO ASK YOU. I WANT
YOU TO GO
KHASTESARI.



I WANT YOU
TO ASK GENERAL
TAHERI FOR HIS
DAUGHTER'S
HAND.



WELL,
LET ME ASK
YOU THIS. ARE
YOU SURE? ARE
YOU REALLY
SURE?



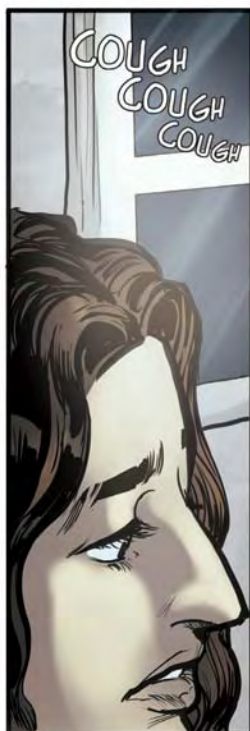
MORE SURE
THAN I'VE EVER
BEEN ABOUT
ANYTHING, BABA
JAN.

















SAN FRANCISCO, SUMMER 2001.



YOU LOOK PALE, AMIR.

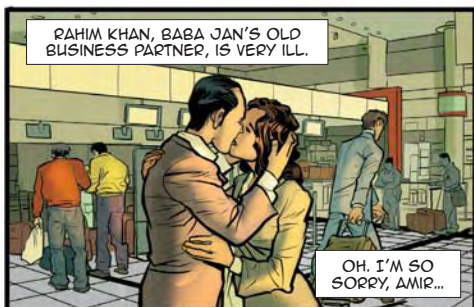
HUH?

I SAID YOU
LOOK PALE.



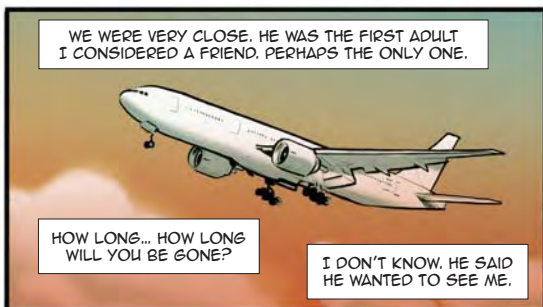
I HAVE TO
GO TO
PAKISTAN.

TO PAKISTAN?



RAHIM KHAN, BABA JAN'S OLD
BUSINESS PARTNER, IS VERY ILL.

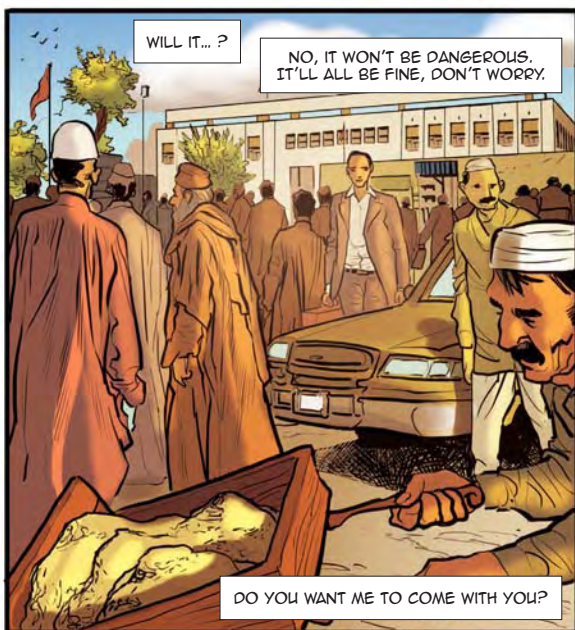
OH, I'M SO
SORRY, AMIR...



WE WERE VERY CLOSE. HE WAS THE FIRST ADULT
I CONSIDERED A FRIEND. PERHAPS THE ONLY ONE.

HOW LONG... HOW LONG
WILL YOU BE GONE?

I DON'T KNOW. HE SAID
HE WANTED TO SEE ME.



WILL IT... ?

NO, IT WON'T BE DANGEROUS.
IT'LL ALL BE FINE, DON'T WORRY.

DO YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH YOU?



NO. IT'S BETTER
I GO ALONE.









AND WHAT ABOUT THE TALIBAN? IS IT AS BAD AS I HEAR?

NAY, IT'S WORSE. MUCH WORSE. THEY DON'T LET YOU BE HUMAN. YOUR FATHER'S ORPHANAGE WAS EVEN DESTROYED... AND TO THINK THAT WHEN THEY ARRIVED, WE WELCOMED THEM AS HEROES!



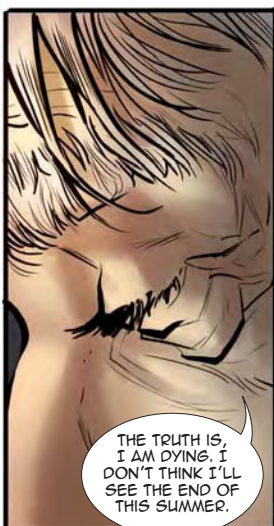
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE?

KABUL IS MY HOME.



THEN HOW DID YOU END UP HERE, IN PAKISTAN?

I'VE BEEN HERE FOR SIX MONTHS. I CAME TO FIND A DOCTOR.



THE TRUTH IS, I AM DYING. I DON'T THINK I'LL SEE THE END OF THIS SUMMER.

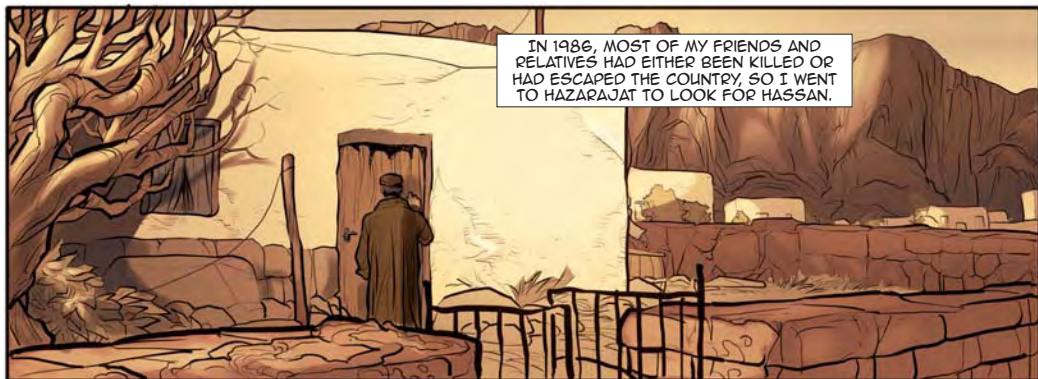


LET ME TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME. I CAN FIND YOU A GOOD DOCTOR. THEY'RE ALWAYS FINDING NEW CURES THERE.

AH, I SEE AMERICA HAS INFUSED YOU WITH ITS OPTIMISM... NO, AMIR. THAT'S NOT WHY I CALLED YOU. THAT'S NOT WHY YOU'RE HERE TODAY.



YOU SEE... WHEN I LIVED IN YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE I WASN'T ALONE. HASSAN LIVED THERE WITH ME.



IN 1986, MOST OF MY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES HAD EITHER BEEN KILLED OR HAD ESCAPED THE COUNTRY, SO I WENT TO HAZARAJAT TO LOOK FOR HASSAN.



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW HE HAD GROWN UP. HASSAN HAD MARRIED A GIRL NAMED FARZANA. ALI WAS DEAD, POOR THING, LOST TO A LAND MINE, SO I SUGGESTED THEY RETURN TO KABUL WITH ME, TO HELP TAKE CARE OF YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE.



THEY CAME BECAUSE HASSAN WANTED THEM TO, WHEN HE FOUND OUT THAT YOUR FATHER ALSO HAD DIED. WHILE THEY WERE THERE, THAT HOUSE WAS A SPLENDOR. I COULD NEVER HAVE MANAGED WITHOUT THEIR HELP.



THEN ONE WINTER DAY, SOMEONE CAME TO OUR DOOR. IT WAS SANAUBAR, HASSAN'S MOTHER, WHOM HE HAD NEVER KNOWN.

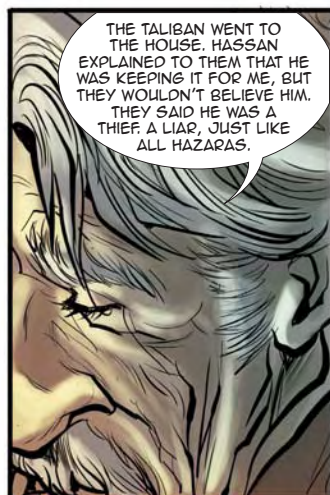


IT'S INCREDIBLE HOW SUCH A HORRIBLE EVENT LIKE THE WAR COULD HAVE REUNITED MOTHER AND SON.



IN 1990, FARZANA AND HASSAN HAD A LITTLE BOY. HASSAN CALLED HIM SOHRAB.

ROSTAM AND SOHRAB... LIKE IN THE BOOK OF KINGS.

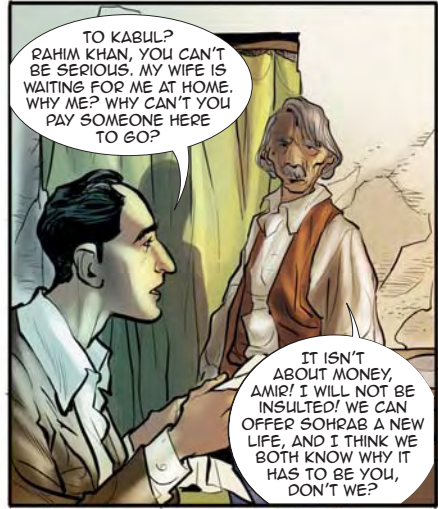




SHORTLY BEFORE I LEFT, HASSAN GAVE ME THIS. IT'S FOR YOU.



AMIR JAN, I WANT YOU TO GO TO KABUL. I WANT YOU TO BRING SOHRAB HERE. HERE IN PESHAWAR, THERE'S A SMALL CHARITY ORGANIZATION, IT'S CLEAN AND SAFE...



TO KABUL? RAHIM KHAN, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. MY WIFE IS WAITING FOR ME AT HOME. WHY ME? WHY CAN'T YOU PAY SOMEONE HERE TO GO?

IT ISN'T ABOUT MONEY, AMIR! I WILL NOT BE INSULTED! WE CAN OFFER SOHRAB A NEW LIFE, AND I THINK WE BOTH KNOW WHY IT HAS TO BE YOU, DON'T WE?



MAYBE BABA WAS RIGHT ABOUT ME, RAHIM JAN. YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD TOO HIGH AN OPINION OF ME.

MAYBE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S WRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW. ALI HAD A PREVIOUS WIFE, FROM THE JASHORI AREA. SHE LEFT HIM AFTER THREE YEARS OF MARRIAGE.

WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH... ?

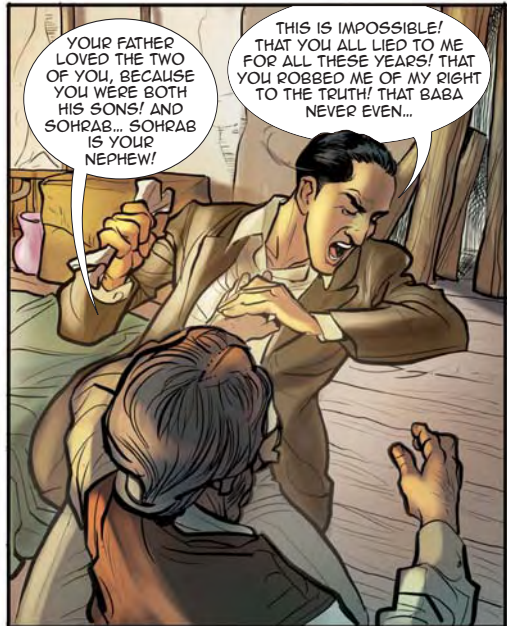


SHE BORE THREE DAUGHTERS TO THE SECOND MAN SHE MARRIED. ALI WAS STERILE.

NO, HE WASN'T. HE AND SANABAR HAD HASSAN, DIDN'T THEY? IF ALI WASN'T THE FATHER, THEN WHO... ?

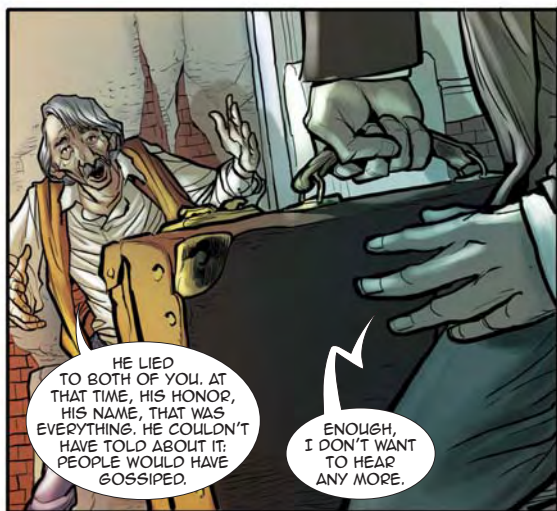


I THINK YOU KNOW WHO.



YOUR FATHER LOVED THE TWO OF YOU, BECAUSE YOU WERE BOTH HIS SONS! AND SOHRAB... SOHRAB IS YOUR NEPHEW!

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THAT YOU ALL LIED TO ME FOR ALL THESE YEARS! THAT YOU ROBBED ME OF MY RIGHT TO THE TRUTH! THAT BABA NEVER EVEN...



HE LIED TO BOTH OF YOU. AT THAT TIME, HIS HONOR, HIS NAME, THAT WAS EVERYTHING. HE COULDN'T HAVE TOLD ABOUT IT: PEOPLE WOULD HAVE GOSSIPED.

ENOUGH, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE.



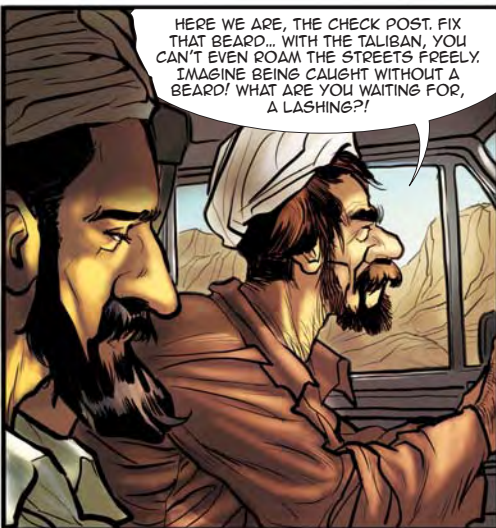
AMIR JAN, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE...

SLAMMM!



In the name of Allah the most beneficent, the most merciful, Amir agha, with my deepest respects I pray that this letter finds you in good health and in the light of Allah's good graces. I have told much about you to Farzana jan and Sohrab, about us growing up together: I am hopeful that one day I will hold one of your letters in my hands and read of your life in America. Alas, the Afghanistan of our youth is long dead. Kindness no longer lives here and it is impossible to escape death. Every day there is an execution. By now it is routine. I have learned to read and write, and together with Rahim Khan, we are also teaching Sohrab. I don't want him to grow up as stupid as his father. He is a good boy. And you should see how he shoots the slingshot! I have been dreaming a lot lately, Amir agha. Some of them are nightmares: hanged corpses rotting in blood-red grass. Sometimes, though, I dream of good things. I dream that my son will grow up to be a good person, a free person. I dream that flowers will bloom in the streets of Kabul again, and that the music will play again. I dream our tree will give fruit again, and kites will fly in the skies. And I dream of you. That someday you will come back to Kabul. If you do, you will find an old, faithful friend waiting for you. May Allah be with you always, Amir agha.

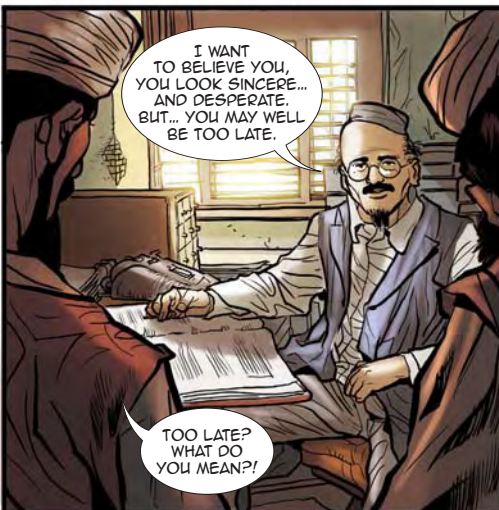
Hassan

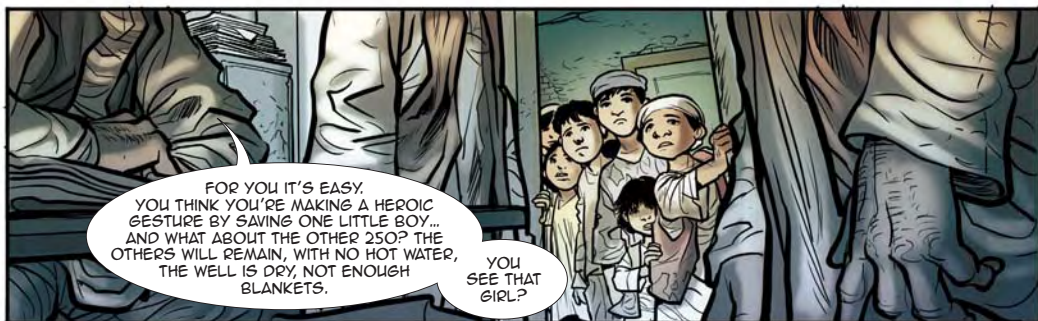






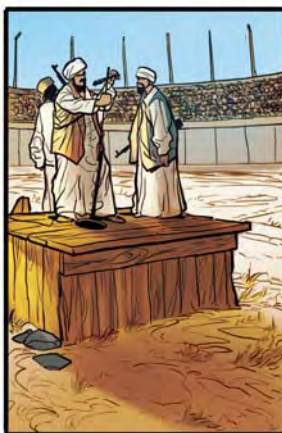
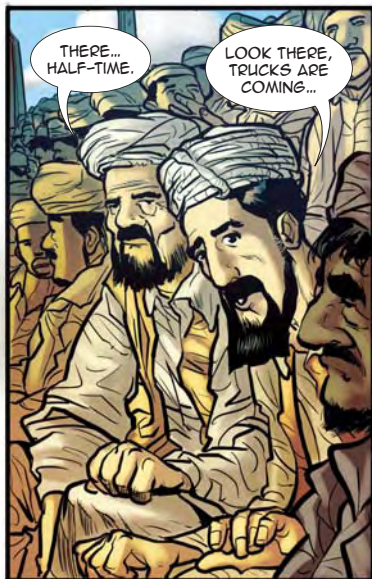
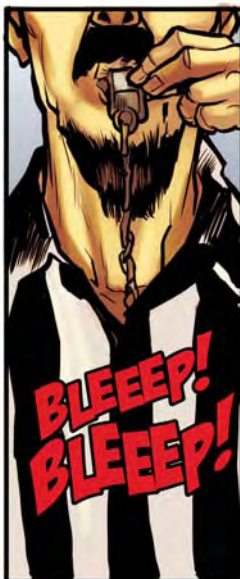








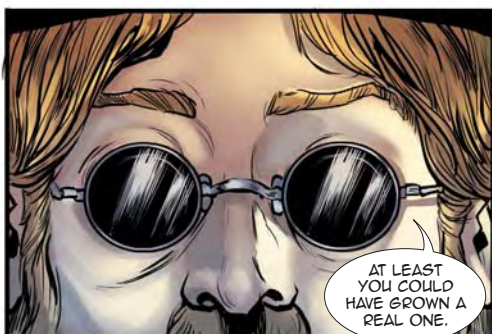




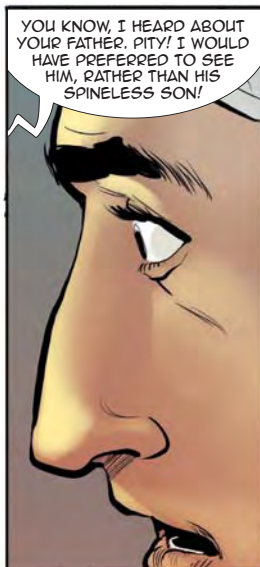






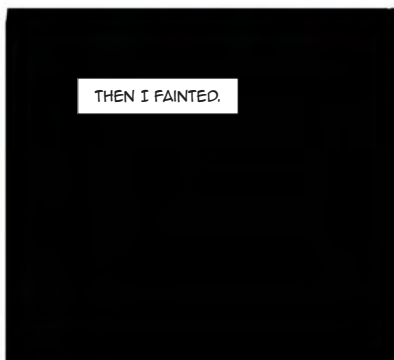
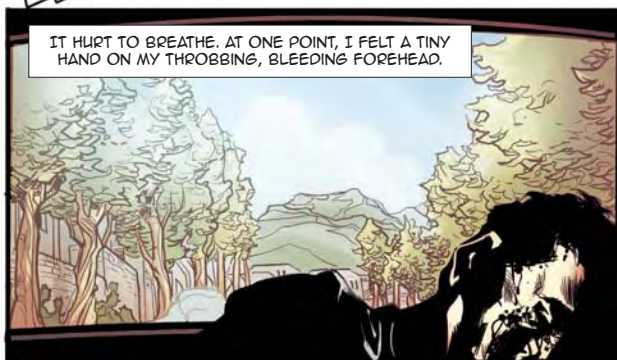






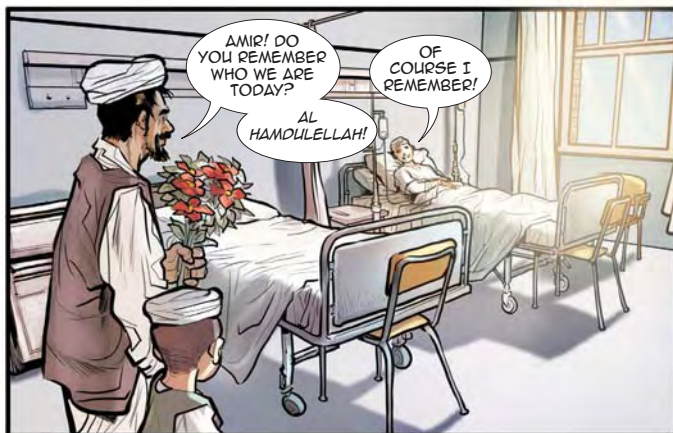






TO THIS DAY, I DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH TIME PASSED AFTER I ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL IN PESHAWAR. I REMEMBER THEY WERE ASKING ME IF I HURT AND IF I KNEW WHO I WAS. I KNEW WHO I WAS AND I HURT EVERYWHERE. BUT THE REST WAS CONFUSED. THE PAIN WAS SO GREAT I KEPT FAINTING.





AMIR! DO YOU REMEMBER WHO WE ARE TODAY?

OF COURSE I REMEMBER!

AL HAMDULELLAH!



THANK YOU, FARID, FOR EVERYTHING.

AND YOU, SOHRAB JAN? I LIKE YOUR NEW CLOTHES.



THEY ARE MY SON'S. HE HAS OUTGROWN THEM. MY CHILDREN HAVE TAKEN A LIKING TO HIM. HA, SOHRAB?



BEFORE I FORGET, THIS IS FROM RAHIM KHAN. HE... HE'S LEFT.

LEFT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN LEFT?

HE JUST LEFT. HE LEFT THIS LETTER FOR YOU.



YOU ARE THE AMIR AGHA FATHER TOLD ME ABOUT?



AND YOU ARE SOHRAB. YOU SAVED MY LIFE IN KABUL.



NOW YOU MUST REST, AMIR ASHA. WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW.



TRY TO GET WELL SOON. THE SOONER WE GET OUT OF PESHAWAR, THE BETTER. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU.

FARID, MAYBE IT'S BETTER FOR YOU NOT TO COME VISIT ME ANYMORE...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I CAN MANAGE.



RAHIM KHAN'S LETTER WAS A GOOD-BYE LETTER...



IF YOU PROMISE ME NOT TO BE SHOCKED, I'LL PROMISE THAT IN A FEW DAYS YOU'LL BE A LOT MORE HANDSOME.

... HE ASKED ME TO FORGIVE HIM FOR THE LIES, AND HE ASKED ME TO FORGIVE THE WRONGS COMMITTED...



MORE HANDSOME...

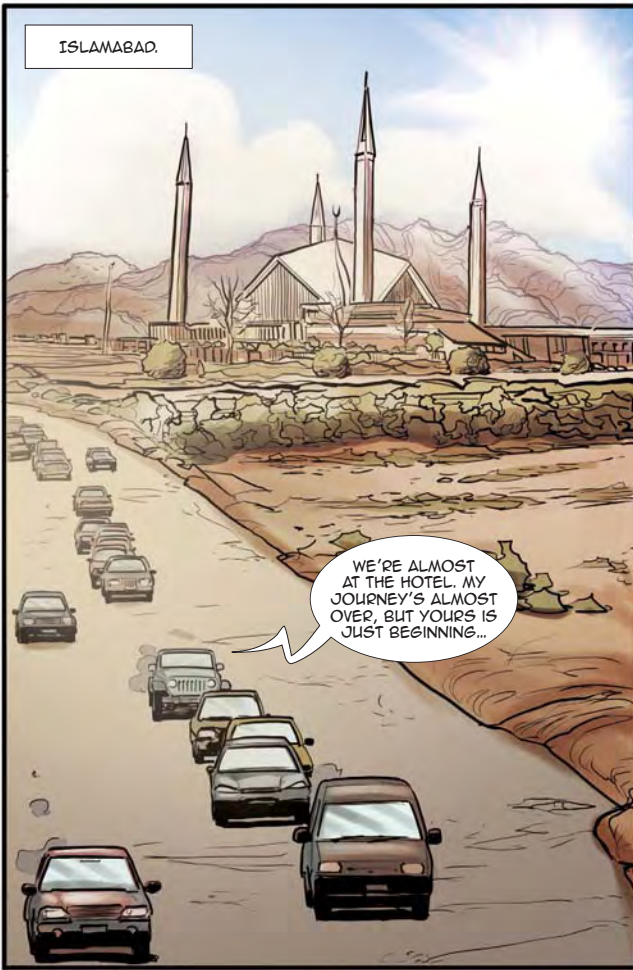
... THOSE OF MY FATHER, AND MY OWN. AS I HAD SUSPECTED, HE KNEW EVERYTHING...

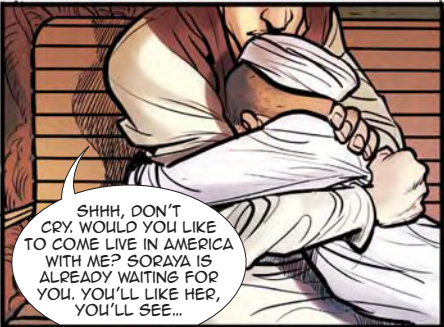
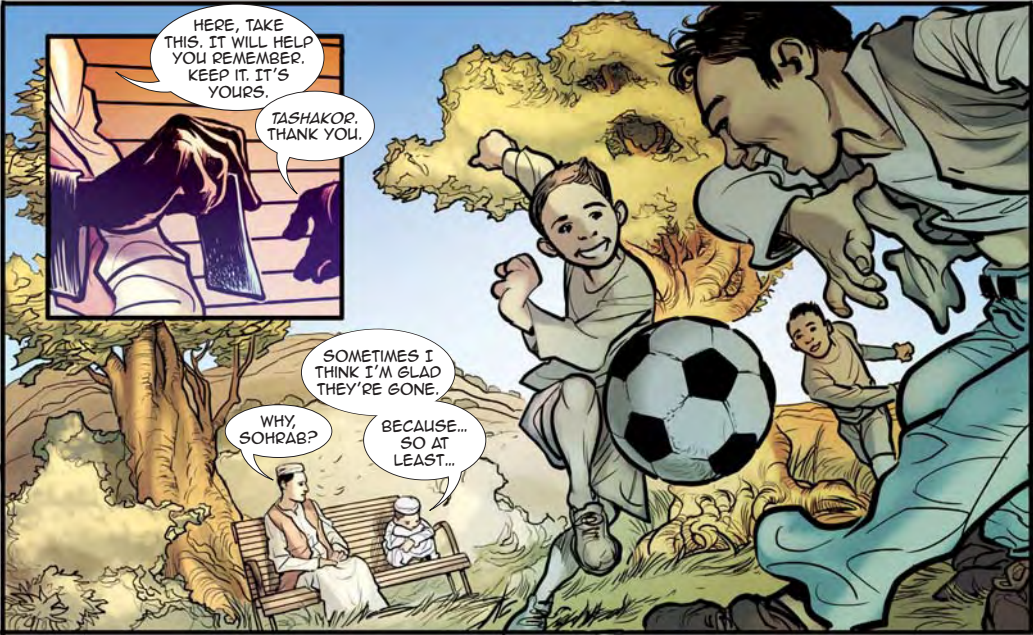
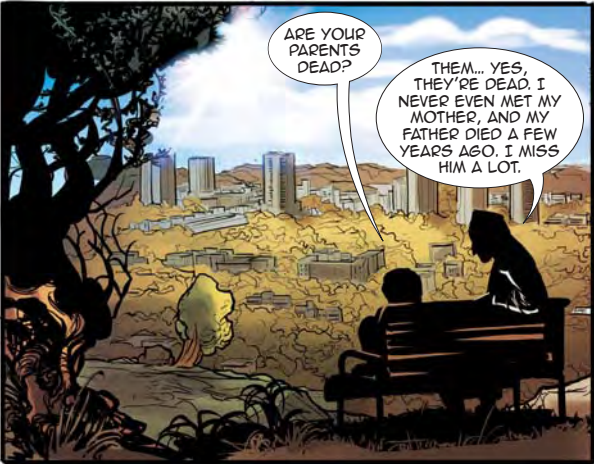


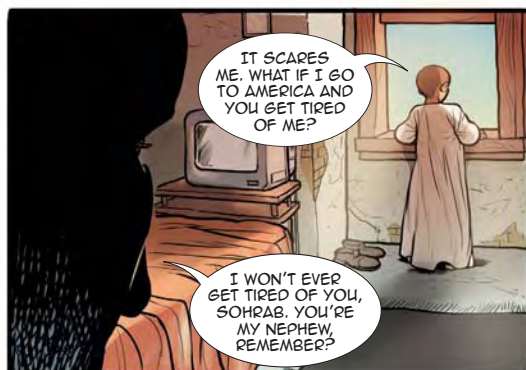
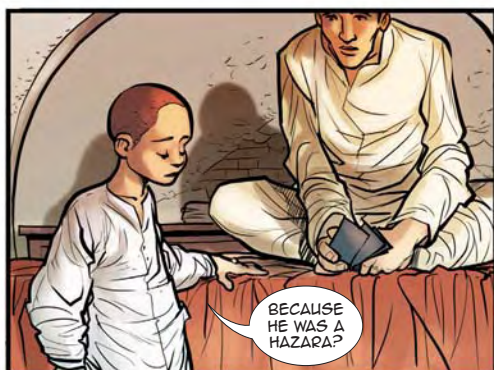
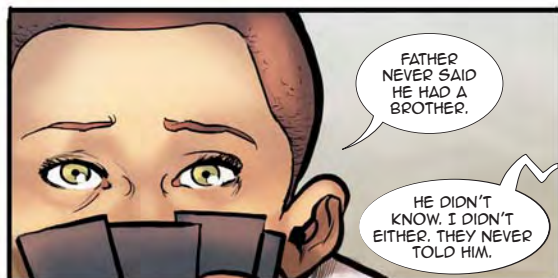
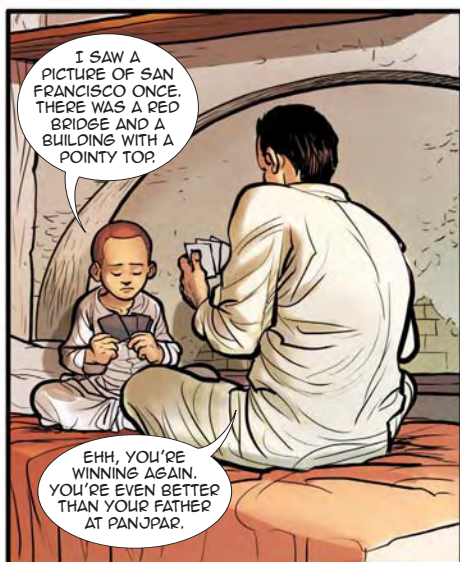
IN THE ENVELOPE THERE WAS A KEY TO A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX. RAHIM KHAN WAS LEAVING ME ALL HIS MONEY TO TAKE CARE OF THE EXPATRIATION EXPENSES. HE ASKED ME NOT TO LOOK FOR HIM...

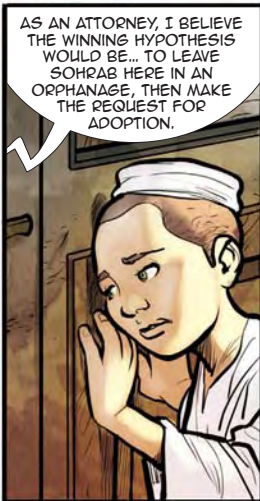
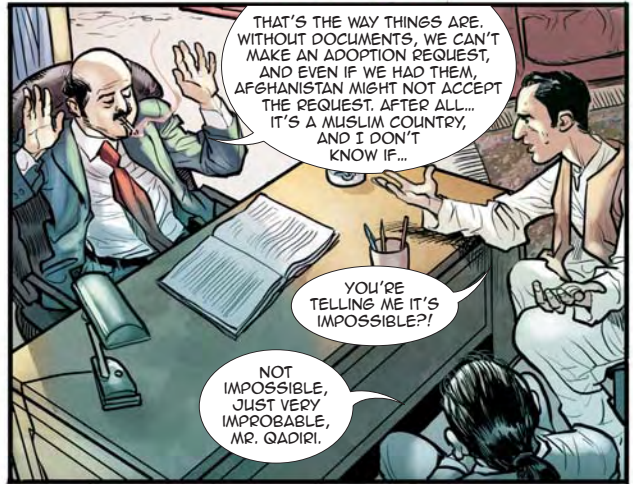
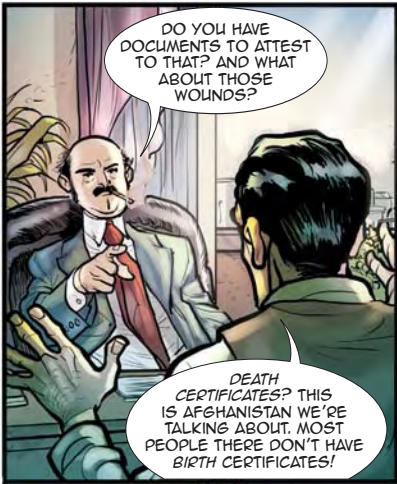


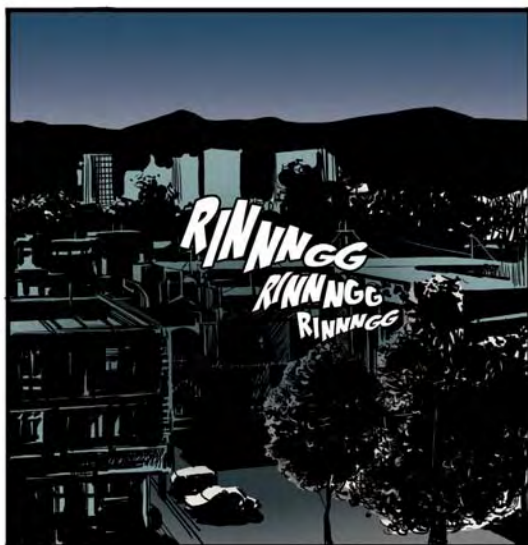
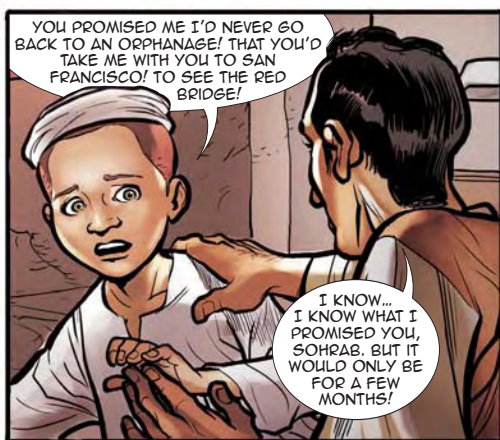
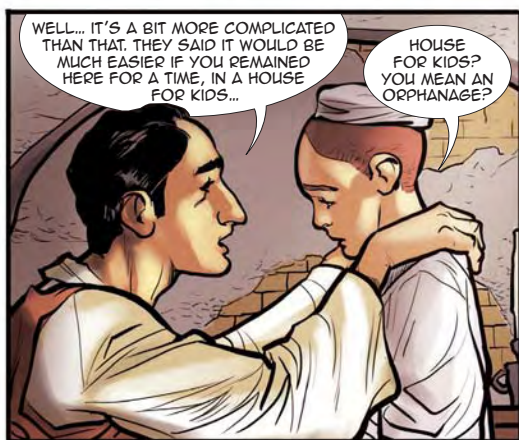
... NOW I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO. FIRST TO ISLAMABAD AND THEN TO AMERICA. SOHRAB WOULD COME WITH ME. BUT FIRST I HAD TO MAKE A PHONE CALL.















SOHRAB...
PLEASE, EAT
SOMETHING.
LISTEN... I REALIZE I
CAN'T GIVE YOU BACK
YOUR PREVIOUS LIFE. I
CAN'T BRING YOUR FAMILY
BACK, BUT I CAN OFFER
YOU A NEW LIFE, A FREE
LIFE. I CAME INTO THE
BATHROOM TO
TELL YOU WE
CAN GO.



ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET
ME KEEP MY PROMISE TO YOU.
I ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME. TO
TRUST ME AGAIN. SO... WILL YOU
COME WITH ME TO AMERICA?





